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PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTIONS.

Fridays at 19:30 p. m. Senators and Representatives in Congress will be received by the President every day, except Mondays, from 10 until 12.

Persons not members of Congress having business with the President will be received. from 12 until 1 on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Those who have no business, but call merely to pay their respects, will be received by the President in the East Room at 1 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Baturdays.

VISITORS TO THE DEPARTMENTS. Secretaries Blaine, Proctor and Tracy have issued the following order for the reception of visitors:

Reception of Senators and Representatives in Congress, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

Recention of all persons not connected with the Departments, at 12 o'clock, except Tuesdays and Fridays, which are Cabinet days; and Thursdays in the Department of State, when the members of the Diplomatic Corps are exclusively received.

Persons will not be admitted to the building after 2 o'clock each day, unless by eard, which will be sent by the captain of the watch to the chief clerk or to the head of the bureau for which the visit is intended. This rule will not apply to Senators, Representatives or heads of Executive Depart-

AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE.

Some thoughtless newspaper, commenting on the interest which attaches in the public mind to all connected with the private life of the President of the United States, sneers at the fact that even the White House cook comes in for attention. This sneer comes from lack of sense.

Why should the people of the United States not feel a deep interest in the character of the White House cook Where is there an individual who, in directly, has greater influence on the destinies of the country. We know more than we did a century ago. Wa know that the beart, instead of being the seat of sentiment, is a coarse pumping machine; we know that the brain is an impression receiving affair; we know that the stomach is whence or ders are telegraphed along the nerves. The man who has eaten a properly cooked dinner is calm and wise; he who has caten an indigestible dinner is captious and has not good judgment. The White House cook is a power.

With a good cook in the White House we may expect as good an Administration as it is in the power of the President to give. With a bad cook we may have the President's usefulness greatly impaired. This is reason.

All the flings at the absurdity of mentioning the White House cook in the dispatches and in correspondence are absurd. The people of this country should have regarding the White House cook as great a solicitude as concerning any other official of the Administration.

THE STATE-MAKERS.

The settlement of the new Territory of Oklahoma is one of the curious events of the time. Here is a region large enough for a respectable State oc cupied in a day with a floating population of thousands left landless. Not only are all the farms taken, but the non-agricultural occupations are well represented, and the butcher, the baker and the blacksmith begin life together in the new land. Towns spring up, and a State of the comparatively near future comes into existence in a day It is all in sharp contrast with events of the time when a few pioneers in the far East worked apprehensively on the edge of the wilderness and at night hid with their wives and children behind stockades. It's not very long since the Mayflower landed.

Very enterprising, vigorous and feelish are the class of ploneers who have made America. They are the dreamers of dreams. Oklahoma is probably no better than Northern Texas or Southern Kansas, but the adventurer will not be convinced of it. His it is to have fancies and the pluck to seek for what he believes exists. He is a great factor in making nations.

SOMETHING DUE THE SAMOANS.

What shall be done for the Samoans's In the formal report of Admiral Kimberly on the disaster in the Pacific, he but confirms what was related in the first accounts of the noble conduct of the natives of the island in risking their own lives in saving those of Americans, and of their subsequent generosity in furnishing supplies and in working on the wrecked vessels without reward or expectation of any. Had the people of some port of some Christian nation shown the same bravery and the same kindness and forgetfulness of self there would have been shown here at once a keen appreciation of it all, and steps would have been taken to make this appreciation manifest to those who had succored Americans in distress. As it is, the Samoans have thus far been left to learn that virtue is its own

Surely there should be some formal re-cognition of what King Malieton and his St. Faul, Minn., has callapsed.

people did for those who were in peril n Apin harbor. They deserve it from this Government, and deserve it in substantial form. It will do no harm for the Samoans to learn that Americans are not ungrateful.

Tim Prohibitionist party may always be depended upon to defeat itself. In Massahusetts yesterday it went under by 35,000 The club that killed the party was the amendment to the constitution prohibitin the manufacture and sale of intoxicatin liquors as a beverage. The trouble with the Prohibitionist is that he wants the whole earth before he has secured a deed to a shovel full of ground. The party has worked long enough and hard enough to get what it wants all at once, to have secured the result gradually.

Some or the disappointed applicants for Comptroller of the Currency are giving out that when Mr. Lacey, the successful appointee, was a member of the Forty-ninth Congress he made a speech, in which he characterized the Senate as a body "wher wealth accumulates and men decay. feed on the hope, possibly, that the rule adopted in the Senate against Halstead may apply to Lucey when his nomination come up for confirmation.

Man's inborn appetite for stimulants, gaming and sexual cohabitation can be egulated by laws and customs of civilized communities, but no law or constitutional amendment ever did or ever can prohibit the exercise of his natural desires. It is time prohibition cranks throughout the country realized the force of Nature's om nipotent decrees.

MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, Mrs Gertrude Franklin Atherton, Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler, Miss Laura Daintry and Mr. Edgar Saltus are all tangled up as the re sult of the holy war between the ladies. I is a delightful affair, but the dish is just a trifle gamey for any but a trained taste Use lets of red pepper.

Ir Harper's Weekly was desirous of pub lishing the portrait of a distinguished Mugwump as a companion picture to that of its able editor it would not select the handsome face of First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson.

NEW YORK SOCIETY will have a yawning abyss up and down it from April 30, 1889, to the end of the finite calendar. And Ward McAllister and Stuyvesant Fish can't make it close up by plunging into it

THE AMERICAN residents of Montreal are going to celebrate the Washington Inaugural Centennial also. There are some very respectable Americans living in that ity, don't you know.

No ress than 40,000 majority against prohibition in Massachusetts! It is to be feared that ultra temperance people have prejudiced the community in that State,

A woman may be sentenced to hang in the District of Columbia, but the sentence will hardly be carried into execution. One case was enough for all time.

OKLAHOMA is open. The several th sand persons who expected to be killed at the opening were disappointed.

It was a very "wet" day in Massachu setts vesterday, though the weather reports

THOSE RUSSIAN NIHILISTS might as well kill the Czar as to scare him to death. CRITICULAR.

Matters are quiet in Oklahoma, but there re grounds for dispute in that territory. Peace is not preserved in a family jar.

"He is a dude agent for chewing-gum," remarked the hotel clerk, "and I don't know his last name, but his first name is Chaw

An Avenue tailor calls his account against a prompt-paying customer an Oklahoma bill, because it is settled so soon.

Patrick (to waiter in a restaurant): Bejabers do yez tuk' me for a cow that yez air offerin' me Paddy Defoy's grass fer me breakfast?

Wife: Oh, Henry, I'm ever so m obliged to you; my new bonnet came up

Husband: Did the bill come with its Wife (not comprehending): I don't know whether it was Bill or Tom or Joe. It was a little fellow, with red hair. Husband: Little, ch? Well, it wasn't bill.

Young Man: Sir, I want to marry you daughter Old Man: Oh, you do, do you? Well, are ou to be my son-in-law or am I to be your

father-in-law? Y. M. (dazed): Why-why, sir, it's all the ame, isn't it?

O. M .: Not at all; not at all, sir. If you are to be my son-in-law you can't have her. I've got two or three sons-in-law already to

THE "OKLAHOMA SQUATTER."

We glean from the Oklahoma Squatter, pub-ished at Dead Horse, the following interest-

ing items:

We notice that the Boomer at Kinglisher is still alive, though how it manages to subsist in that town is a marvel. Its editor probably in that town is a marvel. Its editor probably never had much to eat in the States and is used to living on nothing. The Booner, we observe, sneers at Dead Horse as a town with no hulldings, and says that instead of 547 wagons ranged up into streets here there are only 52, mostly drawn by mules. Those shallow lies are begotten but of well-founded jenlousy. Dead Horse is growing two blocks to Kinglisher's one. As for the allegation that we have no wooden buildings here, we might retort that there's many an honest might retort that there's many an ho heart beats beneath a ranged tent, or under a wagon cover, but the *Boomer* editor wouldn't understand our literary allusion. You might as well try to feed a hog on potty defoy graw. As a matter of fact, too, we have seven board buildings already up-six saloons and the Swedenborgian Church-and the Booser man knows it. By the way, we hear that the regular fever and ague in King-fisher is supplemented just now by mumps and leprosy.

The Squalter is always ready to apologize when it has made a mistake. It's allusion yesterday to lim-jams in connection with Colonel Juyzon, on account of the Colonel's whoopings when he went to put on his hoots in the morning, was, pechaps, not justified by the facts. It was a real black snake the Colonel saw in his boot. The sepent is sup-posed to have crawled into the wagon after eggs. We hope to number the Colonel among our regular subscribers.

Nice fresh groceries at Arbnokle's genulus old Conestoga wa zon on Brindle Steer avenue

Esix citizens who were new to our ways were fatally injured at the election for coroner yes terday. Accidents will happen in the best

The editor of the Oklahoma Boomer camover here last week to paint this town red. As he aint used to whisky that isn't loaded with quinine, he got sick in half an hour after beginning his infernal orgies.

Now is the time to subscribe for the Sysa

ter. Only ten subscribers to the Squatter were injured by bullets last week, a record far below that of any of our Territorial con-

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

One of the most interesting sights to be ound in Washington is the examination rooms of the Civil Service Commission. The scene is one of intense, suppressed excitement. Pretty girls are bent over deaks, some of them leaning their heads on their hands in discouraged inertia and others driving away as if the moment was immediately before them when they must lay down their pens and simply await results. Young men with fashionable clothes are eated side by side with old citizens who have passed the time of life when personal appearance is regarded as a matter worthy of much consideration. Like love the civil service examination levels all ranks for the time being, and likely as not a men with twenty years of Imsiness experience is competing for a place with a girl fresh from the atmosphere of the High School,

The work of taking pictures for the Rogues' Gallery is one of the most important features of the business of the Police Department. In the rear room at Police Headquarters, in a neat walnut case, are hundreds of pictures-men, women, old and young, white and colored, all of them belonging to what is known as the criminal class. The pictures are all taken by a photographer on Pennsylvania avenue, and the work is about the most interesting of any he has to handle. There is no struggling for good effects, no turning the face so as to hide the mole on the right cheek, the pimple on the chin or the slight cast in the

If there is any mole or pimple present, care is taken to have it in the picture, as it is a means of identification, and these phoographs are not souvenirs or works of art, but matters of cold record. Many of the prisoners who undergo this pictorial ordeal are as prim and particular about how their photographs are going to look as if they were going to present it to their sweethears. Those who are older and more shrewd offenders dread the experience, as he realizes that it is the mark of Cain; that it puts him on record throughout the United States as a professional criminal.

In many cases these pictures are taken immediately after arrest and before convic-tion, so that it is not impossible that injustice has been done. Some of the pictures in the gallery present faces distorted by the most extravagant grimaces in order to prevent recognition as far as possible. Others have their hats down over their eyes, coat collars turned up, and the face covered as far as possible. These pictures are not taken till after a struggle. The prisoner has fought flercely, and finally had to be held in his chair while the camera was leveled at him. Frequently the pictures show the hands of the people who held the subject, firmly grasping his coat collar or in some cases clasped around his forehead so as to pull his head back and bring his face into view.

In the majority of cases, however, the prisoner submits gracefully, and does every-thing in his power to aid in getting a good likeness. The women are either the most solicitous about getting a good picture or the most averse to having a picture taken at all. They either spend considerable time in preliminary preparation or else they fight like tigers. One of the flercest struggles ever gone through in this branch of the business was with a confidence woman, who resisted until she was forced to stop from sheer lack of strength.

He was fairly well dressed as to hat and coat, but his trousers were bad and his shoes had no heels. In the language of the street, a man is respectable so long as he has heels on his shoes; so our friend was hardly respectable. He went into a saloon on Seventh street and told the bar-keeper he would like a beer, book beer, if the bu keeper had it. Then the stranger said oftly, as if to himself, but loud enough for the bar-keeper to hear:

Once there was a Dutchman named Hugle was learning to play on a bugle, But he got a high note

Crossways in his throat, And he only can play Yankee Doodle The jingle made the bar-keeper laugh and he put less foam on the beer than was his wont. As he reached for the beer, and looked at it thirstily, the stranger said: Here's another one:

A young lady that lived in Toledo,

The bar-keeper had his ears cocked for another jingle, and the sudden termination made him laugh more than a jingle would And the young man with no heels on his shoes was a square up the street before th bar-keeper remembered that he had not

WANTS TO SMOKE 'EM OUT.

"Shiver my timbers for a land lubber if I don't believe you're trying to send red ants to Davy Jones' locker with a squirt gun, ty!" and the Secretary of the Navy gave his trousers a hitch and slapped the President on the back in his bluff old sea

dog way. "Admiral Tracy," said the President, as he rubbed his shoulder and made a wry face, "you are, if you will pardon me, you

"But, blact my eyes, sir, I can't help be ing taken between wind and water, sir, to see you trying to drive out those auts with a squirt gun. "Uncle Jerry sent it to me from the De partment of Agriculture," said the Presi

ent; "and he recommended it very highly, "Oh, Uncle Jerry be blowed !" cried the sturdy old sailor man. "He may know something about grasshoppers and potato bugs, but he's no good when it comes to red ants. The only thing to do for red ants is to fumigate the ship-I mean the White House.

"But-"
"But nothing. I know what I am talking about. Get a half a keg o' sulphur and put it in the hold—or I suppose you'd call it the cellar—and set her off with a match. If she don't knock the toplights out o those red ants in no time you may holystone my head. You just try it, my lad, that's all," and the head of the new navy rolled away, singing as he went .-- [New York

AN AUTUMN DREAM

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze; The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked, Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless

trees; What wonder is it that the corn is shocked! AMELIE RIVES.

Story of a Garter in Philadelphia. Some time ago one of the swellest of the swell girls of West Spruce street lost at a dance a fine silken garter. A search was made for it after the house was cleared without result, and it was mourned as if it had gone for good.

Three days ago a well-known club man. with his familiar pug dog, appeared in Rit tenhouse Square, and the pug had for the collar the lost garter-a blue one with silver clasps. Before the pug and his master had gone a block a lady who knew the garter and the garter's owner saw it and recogfilzed it. Inside of an hour she told the owner of the lost article, and by sundown the article was claimed by the brother of its fair owner and restored. Meanwhile all sorts of unpleasant stories are floating about as to how the club man obtained po of the article,—Philadelphia News.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN. MATTER WORTH READING

Snakes always know where buried treas What have they to do through all the long winter months but to He upon their gold and count it? In summer they are far too wary to show themselves in the neighborhood of such a hoard, but on bright, werm days in the early spring the will come out to bask in the neighborhood will come out to bask in the neighborhood of their winter quarters. At such times a wise man will not kill them, but watch carefully where they go, mark the place, and come back with friends and dig up the buried wealth. Many families are said to owe their prosperity to such a discovery But the snake fights wildly for its property In the old rules of Italy there are winged acreents which never come into the open air, but haunt the vaults in which anything of value is hid. They live upon the scent of gold, and violently attack any one who forces his way into their domain. The bite is certain and sudden death, but they, too, can be pacified by milk. No one, it may be added, has ever seen them, except by torchlight, when they must have looked rather like bats. The house snake of Cariothia is a far more agreeable gentleman, as be brings good luck to the house he fre-quents. The fatter be grown the fuller will the stalls, the gravaries and the kitchen be, and so prudent bouseholders not only take care not to disturbe him, but place a bowl of milk every morning and evening in the cellar where he lives. Since persons have become less credulous than they were, it is to be feared that the supply of milk sometimes rans short. Some of these ser pents wear a crown, which they occasionall lay aside. It is a small circlet of gold, set with strange jewels, and brings good luck to any one who finds and knowshow to deal with it; otherwise it may bring more harm than good. If you find it or any othtreasure you must cast a part of your clothing over it. A maiden should use her apron for this purpose, but a man may take his coat, or even his pocket-handkerchief. If a hat or any part of the headgear is brought into requisition the unfortunate finder will go mad. As this is a piece of useful knowledge not generally known it deserves the widest publicity. Who can say how many noted Englishmen have incautiously endeavored to throw their hats over a ser pent's crown and suffered in consequence?

[Saturday Review. The Promoter. A promoter is a drummer on a big scale He wants to sell something big to the men of millions. He has a mine, or a county. or a patent to float on an unsuspecting pub-lic. He has schemes innumerable from a patent corset clasp to a diamond mine in which he wants the public to become in terested. He is the discoverer of the corse clasp and the diamond mine, and he wants nies and by the sale of the stock to rein burse him for his discoveries. The rich men can then have the discovery and trust to an all-seeing Providence for their profits, Casual conversations with some of these rich men give only a faint inkling of the wear and tear given to their nervous sys-

tems by promoters.

Mr. Flower told the other day of the man who had evolved the scheme of a pipe line from Orange county to New York city. This pipe line was to be similar to that used by the Standard Oil Company in bring ing its petroleum from the Pennsylvania wells to the Atlantic seaboard. This is a continuous line of iron pipes sunk beneath the ground, and the petroleum is pumped through them into the tanks at Bayonne, Weehawken, and Long Island City. Mr. Flower's visitor said that his pipe line was to convey the milk of Orange county fro that blooming and beautiful country right into the streets of New York. He thought i the most feasible scheme on earth, and he was annoyed to think that Mr. Flower's

business acumen couldn't grasp it.

Not long ago Mr. Sage was asked to lend his name and a few hundred thousand dollars as a starter to organize a maple sugar trust. This scheme also included a com-bination for the control of making syrup The company was to buy up all the trees especially in Vermont, and the tall, lank Vermonter who had the audaeity to broach this subject to Mr. Sage said that they would fairly make things hum. Mr. Gould vas once besiged by a chap from Western Pennsylvania, who had conceived the expansive idea that oatmeal soap should be controlled by a monopolistic corporation. This soap is used by miners and others who grub in the earth. At that time there were only about 300 cases of this soap in the ountry, and Mr. Gould's visitor wanted him to buy it all up and make him his agent for the sale of it. Mr. Gould was, of course, to watch the importations and control then also. Collis P. Huntington frequently

speaks of the enthusiastic citizen of Utah who wanted him to buy the Great Salt Lake and set up works on the shore for the evap oration of the salt in the lake.—[N. Y. Sun Hereditary Taints. One result of the labors of physiologists has been the cleaving of the mental vision, and the gradual comprehension of the great, pervasive and potential fact of "heredity." "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," said Moses, more than 3,000 years ago. Probably he omprehended in but a very small measure the significance of his own ulterance. Not only do parents transmit to children their mental peculiarities, their moral tender ies, the features of the face, the stoop of the shoulders, and the trick of the gait, but they pass on to them their blood, their brain, their glands, their very soul and life. We do not mean to say that heredity is a yrant from which there is no escape, and that as is the parent in coesticution and conduct, so also must be the children to the emotest generation. If that were one of the d scoveries of physiology, small thanks would be due to the selence from overbur dened man. But it is not so. The parent him self, as ig well known, can modify and make worse or better both his constitution and his character. Similarly, the child's on titution and obsesoter may be changed until, by the operation of the law of hered-

eradication.- [The Hospital.

to know why and how.

The Doctors Puzzled.

rear of the lest car at the base of the

skull. The woman has had fully four

ounces of brain matter removed, and it was

said she could not live twelve hours. She

is still alive, however, and is constantly im

proving. Sue is conscious and converses with her friends. Her physicians think

A Cheerful Giver.

ty itself, a not very remote descendant may be the antipodes of his early progenitors The discovery of an existing inherited taint of disease or of vice in a child is not a cause for regret, but for thankiulness. The dis case taint itself is, of course, to be deplored and so is the inherited vice; but its early dicovery is to be bailed with gratitude as pointing out lines of physical and moral treatment which may lead to the practical enfeeblement of the taint, or even to it says he has been paying taxes for Omaha physicians are very much puzzled over the case of Kittle Edwards, who was shot last week by John Noland, who after vard suicided at the house of his victim i Council Bluffs. The ball entered Kittle's were good for many years yet. brain, half an inch over the center of the left eye, and passed down some two inches

In Corea at Night.

Everybody is in while robes and even though a man has got only one suit in the world it is clean. When he goes home at night, if he belongs to the poor class, he re-tires to bed and his wife washes and pommels bis clothes. I say "powmels, ironing is an unknown art in Corea. now that she will recover, but are puzzled being washed the cal co is stretched on a wooden block, and then with a flat block of wood in each band the woman pounds it for hours. After sunset all Seoul rings with the daciylic tap-tap-tap, tap-tap-tap of (Chicago Tribune.)
It is said that the Lord leveth a liberal giver. His servant, Colonel Clarkson, is

[Communications on any matter of curent interest will be cheerfully printed in

THE CHITIC under this head, Letters should in all cases be as brief as possible. Mr. Banks' Side of the Story. WASHINGTON, April 23 .- Editor Critic. nce the trouble between Mr. Tim Lee and nyself has found its way into the columns of your paper, I desire to state facts to the public just as it occurred. General Banks was writing a letter of indorsement for me for a position as special agent for the investigation of timber depredations. Mr Lee called him (General Banks) off privately, and told him that I was getting up fraudu-lent papers, and, besides, slaudered my

character, General Banks went with me to Lee, and I told Mr. Lee that he had told General Banks falsehoods. He struck me; I returned the blow, passed three or four licks.
This is what occurred. My indorsements will show to the Secretary of Interior that I do not possess the character that Mr. Lee represented to General Banks. My character is pure as that of any man, and is thoroughly vindiested by the indorsements of the best men in the Republican party in North Carolina. EDWARD BANKS

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman gave a box party hat night.

Mrs. Senator Mitchell and Miss Mitchell rrived in Paris Friday. Mrs. Whiting and the Misses Whiting are at the Hotel Bristol, in Paris.

Senator and Mrs. Palmer left for home at o'clock yesterday afterno Mrs. Robert Peck and family will spend he summer at Brookville, Md. Miss Marbury of Georgetown will shortly

Ex-Secretary and Mrs. Whitney will sail saturday on the Etruria for Europe. Mrs. William Kane and Miss Kane of New York left Paris for home Sunday. Mrs. Downs M. Wilson, who spent the

sinter South, returned to this city last Ensign and Mrs. Wilkinson, from Annap dis, are visiting Mrs. Bostich, Mrs. Wilkin

on's mother. Lieutenant and Mrs, Pendleton will let heir house on M sircet, and have moved to the N. vv-Yard. Miss Murphy, who has been Mrs. Har

rison's guest, is now visiting General Wil-liamson's family. Mr. Gwyn Tompkins has come from New York to report the Ivy City meeding for the ening Sun. He is accompanied by Mrs. Compkins.

Mrs. Colonel John A. Joyce and two daughters, of West Washington, returned home yesterday from their trip to France and Germany.
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nixon, who are

visiting Mrs. Nixon's mother in New Or leans, are being shown a great many clever Mr. Curvier Green was married to Miss Margaret Langford Adams at St. John's Georgetown, by Rev. Dr. Register, The oridal couple leit at once for a tour to New

York and Eo.ton.
The ladies' aid reception, for the benefit of the Homeopathic Hospital, at the Re-publican League House last evening, Hahnemann's hirthday, was a brilliant acfair. The attendance was large and fash-ionable and the donations liberal. Hauncmann's birthday is to be observed annually bereafter.

Mr. L. Wilbur Aldeman and Miss Addie L. Nelson were married by Rev. Dr. Scott, Mrs. President Harrison's father, at his residence yesterday. Dr. Scott has not per-formed a marriage ceremony before for twenty years, and did yesterday at the earnest request of the bride's father, Captain Mr. John Stephen and Miss Caroline

Beaufort Thompson were married at St. Audrew's Church yesterday. The maid of a directoire dress of golden brown. Theo-dore Pickett was the best man. The ushers were Messrs. Thompson, brothers of the bride; L. D. Lipscomb, Charles L. Sturie vant, R. G. Du Bols. Miss Mamie Taylor of 3313 N street and

Mr. Edward Dent, son of Hon. Josiah Dent of Georgetown, were married this af ternoon at St. Alban's Church, near Oak View, in the presence of a few intimate friends. The bride was attired in traveling costume, and after the ceremony the young couple departed for New York to spend their honeymoon.

Took Toddy to the Last-Died at 107. In Atlanta, Ga., on Wednesday, au old man, Chance Carter, died. This old darky was known to several generations. He claimed to be 107 years old, and there was pobody left to tell whether he was mistaker or not. Judge Calhoun knew him half a century ago, and he says that Uncle Chance was an old man when he was a boy. The old man was the slave of Mr. William and Mrs. Rhoda Carter, and before the old man died, Chance was 'the general director of matters about the farm. Mrs. Carter died just before the breaking out of the war, and she left Chance as a sole proprietor of thirteen acres of land, with the understanding that he should take care of their grave: as long as he lived. After the war some of Mrs. Rhoda Carter's heirs brought a claim against the old man and tried to dispose as him. Judge Calhoun, knowing the cir-comstances, agreed to defend him, a'though it was apparent that he, bring a slave, could not hold lands under the new order of things. When the trial came off the scene in court was one unprecedented in Fullon Councy chronicles. Judge Calhoun, then a practicing attorney, defe the case, and judge, jury, court and andiappeal of the lawyer in behalf of his boyhood friend. The result was that the old man retained bis land and remained on his bomestead until his death, retaining all his faculties, and, sad to say, fond of his toddy until the very last day of his life. -[Macon,

Chews Tobacco With a Relish at 99 J. C. McGough, who lives in the eastern edge of Libb County, was in Macon, Ga. recently. He got up Tuesday morning, hitched up his mule, drove thirteen miles into the city, made the tax returns, signed the blank with a steady hand, chatted pleasantly with Captain Anderson and was as cheerful as could be. Mr. McGough is in his 90th year and has been making his returns and paying his taxes without fut mission since Eibb has been a county. He years. He chews tobacco with as much relish as a boy who has just learned how. His hair is only partially sprinkled with white and he looks and acts as though he

A correspondent from Corea says:

giving the elect an average of 200 fourth-class postmasters per day and letting as the incessant cry of a million strident in-many "rescale" go to make room for them.

HILTON-PHILLIPS.

Fashionable Wedding at St. John's P. E. Church This Afternoon. Miss Dorothy Walbridge Phillips was narried at St. John's at I o'clock this after-noon to Mr. Edward Barker Hilton of New

married at St. John's at 1 o'clock this afternoon to Mr. Edward Barker Hilton of New
York—Judge Hilton's son Justice MaeArthur gave the bride saway, and her sister.
Miss Fanny Walbridge, acted as maid of
honor. The bridesmaids were Misses Walbridge, Randolph, logalls and Brown. The
groom's brother acted as best man, and the
ushers were Messars. Gresham, Fillette, Sultivan and Lester. The bride and groom
leave for New York this evening.

The ceremony was the prettiest of the
past Easter weddings. The altar was almost hidden with banks of Easter lifles,
their white blossoms showing purely against
the dark green of the leaves, and the church
was crowded. Half society was there and
everybody knew everybody else. It seemed
as if every card issued had been used. A
little after 1 o'clock the bridal party arrived. As it moved slowly up the north
sisle the sunlight that streamed mellowly
in through the stained windows lighted as
pretty a scene as was ever in the

sisle the sunlight that streamed mellowly in through the stained windows lighted as pretty a scene as was ever in the old church. The choir, in their white robes, came first, chanting a sweet, tuneful, simple march. Then the ushers and groom, beside his brother, followed by the four bridesmands that were so pretty in their fresh tasteful tollets that the flowers they wore and carried seemed a part of them. Each wore a different color; white, pink, palis green and pale blue, though the colors were so palely subdued that the group made a most handsome picture.

Each carried a bouquet of different flowers—one roses, another lilies, the third violets and the fourth orchids. Their hats were each ornamented with the same sort of flowers that its wearer carried, and as the bouquet of so typically spring loveliness tooved up the aisle between the rows of pews full of admiring women, with a scant sprinkling of men, the exclamations of admiration sounded like the rustle of a spring breeze through new-leafed trees. After the quartet of bridesmaids came the maid of honor, all in white, with bouquets of pale-pink rosebuds, and then soberly, looking almost funny in her droil expression of sedateness, came little Miss Muriel Ingalis.

She carried the bride's bouquet of lilies.

Ingalls.

She carried the bride's bouquet of liliesof-tie-valley that was half as big as her tiny
self, and her blue eyes looked so preternaturally solemn that anywhere else everybody
would have laughed. Then the venerable
Justice MacArthur, his white-hatred head would have laughed. Then the venerable Justice MacArthur's his white-haired head rising above the younger ones of most of the ushers, walked down the atsic with the bride on his arm. Her white sath dress was cut V-shaped at the throat and neck and the material of the dress was almost hidden under the cascades of lace. Her floasy black hair was covered with a crown of o ange blossoms, from which the white tulle veil floated away like a wreath of mist. The rich simplicity of the costume set off her rich dark beauty most effectively and the prettiest part of the pretty wedding picture was that formed by the white-haired Justice with the handsome bride on his arm as they walked down the alsie. Rev. Dr. Leonard pronounced the words that meant so much to two people, and nothing to any one else in the well-dressed crowd of men and women, and the marriage was over. After a reception at Justice MacArthur's house on N sircet, the new-made man and wife started for New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

ALBAUGH'S-PEARL OF PEKIN. ALBAUGH'S—PEARL OF PERIN.

For the first 'ime in Washington the 'Pearl of Petin'' was seen last night at Albaurh's, and it caught on, albeit it is not up to the lightest standard of comic opera e; her in score or libreito. The busine a of the piece is carried on by Mr. Louis Harrison as Ty Foo, Mr. Edward Webb (substituted for Mr. Phil Branson) as Pierre, Mr. Joseph Herbert as Sosoriki, Mr. John Leach as Sing Hi, Miss Belle Thorne as the Pearl, Miss Carrie Behr as Finette, four preity waiter girls, and a fine collection of chorus people, giants, et al. The play is the usual comic opera plot strongly reminiscential of the "Mikado." Mr. Harrison does some very good funny business and so isceptial of the "Mikado." Mr. Harrison does some very good funny business and so also do Mr. Herbert and Mr. Leach, though rone of them finds his fun in the libretto. Miss Thorne's Pearl of Pekin is pretty, and she sings well, and Miss Behn's Finetite is cuite sparkling, coquettish, and flirtatious. The four pretty water girls are decidedly alive to the situation. In places the music is above the average, and in places again it is not. There are in the opera also several coarse jokes which might be cut out with advantage. All criticism to the contrary, the "Pearl of Pekin' has in it the element of popularity, and though the house last night was cut down, by reason of two or three fashionable events, it will be well up to night and run crowded before the middle of the week is past. Again to-night.

THE NATIONAL—"HE, SHE, HIM, HER."
George H. Adams, famous as Humpty

THE NATIONAL—"HE, SHE, HIM, HER."
George H. Agams, famous as Hampty Dimpty, presented his three-act panto-mimical comedy, "He, She, Him, Her," at the National last night to a big house. Mr. Adams was assisted by Miss Toma Hanlon and a cast of sixteen persons, each with a special raison d'etre. The comedy is best explained by this synopsis in the programme. Time—Any time. Flace—Anywhere. Argument—Suit yourself. Plot—None. There wasn't anything to it, but it was iunny, and the audience dropped to the able and talented jokes readily. Miss Haulon's Tootale Brant was a tootsis wootsis, and Mr. Adams' Toby was cheerful. Mr. Bernard's German was very good indeed. The singing was superior in solo and concett. Again to-night. Matince to-morrow. THE BIJOU—"TRUE HISH HEARTS."

THE BIJOU-"TRUE IRISH HEARTS." The exciting scenes and incidents of the play "True Irish Hearts" entertained a good house at Harris' Bijou last night. The play is a very picturesque one and the good house at Harris' Bijou last night. The play is a very picturesque one and the scenery used is handsome and elaborate. The plot is the same that has for a long time been recognized as the property of the first drama. An uncducated Irish lad wades through schemes and villiany to happiness and distinction. Gus Reynolds gave satisfaction as Long Langua, the leading character, and Miss Kitty Emmett as Kitty Erady was bright and propossessing.

KEENAN'S—CLAKE'S EQUINE PARADOX.

"House sense" is exhibited in surprising

"Horse sense" is exhibited in surprising qualities at Kernan's this week. Professor blake's Equine Paradox furnishes a wonder, ul exhibition of the extent to which however be a large number of scenes which illustrate the intelligence of the animals, and are in themselves amusing. Five dollars a minute is offered to anybody who will ride the funny, but erratic trick mule. The globe—Variety.

Perdy's Specialty Company of vaudeville

Perdy's Specialty Company of vaudeville artists appeared at the Globe last night to a crowded house. Among other attractions are Gillegher and West, black-face comedians; Eurene Maas, dialect comedians; Eurene Maas, dialect comedians; Chricks Gorman, jig and reel dancer, and May Templeton and Eugenie Natowitz, vocrlists. The show concludes with a ludicious after-piece entitled "Shake, Nasty Jim." THE YALE GLEE CLUB.

The Yale Glee and Banjo Chub filled the Congregational Church last night from vestibule to chancel rail with a fashionable audience, largely of young people. It was a college affair all around, and the arrangements of the whole concert, on and off the stage, were in the hands of Yale men. The programme was a good one, and the fellows who handled it were good fellows who knew what they were there for. The applause was thunderous. After the services at the church a reception was tendered the club by Mrs. Harrison at the White House, and there the youth and beauty shoue resplendent and bad a good time besides.

THE NOGUEIRAS CONCERT. THE TALE GLEE CLUB.

One of the most elegant audiences which has met together in Washington in years, comfortably filled the National Rifles' Hall last evening, in honor of Mile, de Nogueiras, who was the principal in a grand concert given there under the patronage of a number the best known society women in Washington. Mile, de Nogueiras was assisted by Eignor Del Fuente, who won unstituted applause by his singing. Mile, de Nogueiras was received with enthusiasin and she was overwhelmed with flowers. The concert was a most enjoyable one in every respect. THE NOGUEIRAS CONCERT. Never Touched Him.

Never Touched Him,
Jennie Johnson is a small colored woman
and William Lancaster, a large colored man.
William doesn't know who hit him with a
brick, but was informed that it was Jennie, and he had her arrested. Jennie said
she never touched him, and Judge Miller
dismissed the case. Grace Smallwood's Case Judge J. W. Walker, counsel for Grace Smallwood, the colored woman convicted of the murder of her new-term child, and sentenced to be hung, has given notice of an appeal to the Court in General Term on exceptions.

THEY CONFERRED.

An Interesting Conversation Between Four Managing Editors,

An Interesting Conversation Between Four Managing Editors,

There were four managing editors sitting together. They were grizzled and gray. The hard-lipse which many nights of labor draw under one's eyes and upon one's face were upon all of them. Not a man of the lot but had been in a thousand stews over a thousand forgotten sensations. They had fought the telegraph company for possession of the wires; they had sent reporters better skelter on the track of rumors; they had struggled against each other in the desperate conflict for news, which means a great deal for one day and nothing whatever for the day after. And they were discussing the work whose record is writ in water.

"I got a curious letter to-day," said one of them. "It is from a lady who says she is my wife. I have made inquiries about her, and I think that, perhaps, she tells the truth. I have a dim recollection of having been married once, but I am not positive. The work of the office absorbs my time so much that my memory has no room for these indefinite details. The lady says that she was married to me a quarter of a ceutury ago, that I have a baby who is about to celebrate his 31st birthday, and that she would like to have me present on the occasion. I dislike to visit atrangers, but, if the facts are as she states, I suppose I will have to go. I have written her that if she will prove her identity I will be on hand. But," he added, "I hate to be bothered with these domestic affairs all the time."

The second managing editor looked up sympathizingly: "I can feel for you, my dear boy," he said. "I haven't been married as long as you have, so I can recollect the ceremony. I have not entirely lost my interest in domestic matters. It was only the other evening that I sent a reporter to find out where I lived, but the after consequences were discouraging. When I got home my wife ald not recognize me, and, as the hour was normal—it being three in the morning—she went on the conventional idea, took me for a burglar and eang up a patrol wagon. I spent

actually recognized me."

There was a general look of disgust all around.

"That's a fake," said one of the party.

"No, it isn't, said the speaker, earneally.

"It's actually so. She recognized me by

"But where did she hear your voice?"

"But where did she hear your voice?"
was asked,
"Why, I've talked with her over the telephone several times," replied the aggrieved
wilness.
"Well, thank heaven," said the fourth
managing editor, "I've never been married
at all."
"Never been married?" cried the others

"Never been married?" cried the others in a chorus, "why, yes you have. We got cards to your wedding."
"Gentlemen," said the fourth managing editor with dignity, "if you are trying to jest with me you have chosen a poor subject. I have never been married."
"But you have," said one of the party, breause I scooped you on the account of your wedding.

The professional allusion brought the fourth managing editor back to his sensea. "By Jove," he said, "I do recoilect it now from the circumstance you mention. I wonder if my wife is still alive."
"Anter all," said the second managing editor, "a newspaper man should not marry."
"What difference does it make to him?" asked the first managing editor.

"What difference does it make to him?" asked the first managing editor.

"None, really," said the three in a chorus. And then they ordered another beer. There was silence for awhle, broken only by the vain effort of one of the party to get a waiter. Then the fourth managing editor showed signs of embarrasament.

"What is it?" the other three asked. "I was going to make a proposition," he cald, "that may strike you a little oddly, but I think there is something in it."
"In the newspaper way!" the other three considers.

"Of course. We've got nothing to do with anything else. News is a little dull, and I've got a scheme for a sensation—something that will paralyze people."
"What is it?" they demanded in united

query. "Let's call on our wives?" -[Omaha Re A Convict Escapes Through a Sewer John Burke, a convict in the Maryland pentitentiary, escaped yesterday afternoon and has not yet been recaptured. Burke and Andrew L. Hand, both of New York, were arrested on October 2, 1896, in the Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore, for attempting the drop game on a manufacturer named George W. Parks. They were each sentenced for ten years and six months. A sentry patrolled the wall and had a clear view of all the men in the prison yard save when he turned to resume his march. A sewer, three feet in diameter, John Burke, a convict in the Maryland yard says when he turned to resulte ins march. A sewer, three feet in diameter, had an outlet in the upper end of the yard and extended 200 yards under the jail and let into Jones' Falls. Burke took advantage of the sentry's back being turned and escaped through the sewer, two of the bars having been cut apparently by an accomplice, as they were sawn from the other side. He was obliged to crawl through the slime, and a deputy took forty-five minutes to reach the outlet.

A Disappointed Lover A Disappointed Lover.

At Lervenworth, Kansas, recently there was a habeus corpus case in chambers, before Judge Robert Croshier. P. A. Shilling, a young man of Phillipsburg, M. T., slleges that Miss Anna P. Connolly, to whom he was engaged to be married, was unlawfully imprisoned at Mount St. Mary's Academy at Leavenworth, by the Mother Superior in charge, at the instigation of the young lady's father. As it was shown that Miss Connolly was over 18 years of age the writ was issued, but to her lover's great discomfure she said, when placed on the stand, that she did not care to leave school. Of course, that settled it.

Looks English. Sojourning for a brief time at the Everett is a short man with sandy whickers and mustache and florid complexion, which make him look like an English squire. He is Alvey A. Adee. Assistant Secretary of is Alvey A. Adee, Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Adee has been a fixture in the Department of State for many years, and is reputed to be among the most learned men in diplomatic lore and international law in Washington. There is no one talked of for his place.—[New York Star,

Half Rates to New York, via Pennsylvania Railroad, for the Washingt Centennial.

In order to afford the public every facility In order to afford the public every facility for attending the Centennial Celebration of General Washington's inauguration as first President of the United States, to be celebrated at New York, April 39, 30 and May 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to New York, between April 27 and May 1, inclusive, at \$6.50 from Washington. Tickets are good only for continuous passage on through trains to New York from April 27 to May 1, but no ticket will be sold on May 1 for any train arriving in New York later than noon of that day. Returning tickets will be good for continuous passage on trains leaving New York on April 37 to May 6, inclusive.

Edward Mitchell of New York vesterday. Edward Mitchell of New York yesterday

ecovered \$15,000 damages from the Metro-olitan and Manhattau Elevated Railroad Companies for injury to his property.

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